

"When I first came to England," she continued, "I desired to go there."  
"Ah, madame, why did you not come? We would have received you with enthusiasm."

"She bowed. 'Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought; but it could not be.'

"'But, madame, will you not come among us, and see your old haunts?'

"'Sometimes, perhaps, but not now. I cannot; the Emperor is ill. I cannot leave him, day or night. I think of nothing but day and night, of peace for France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet.'

"Her eyes filled with tears and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, 'See how I mourn!' And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"'Madame,' said I, 'there is but one consolation—the worse things go on

"I do not wish to return—I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the Emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern. The Emperor knew that these people were in Paris for twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful."

"Madame," said I, "it is as though the Fenians ruled in London. The Reds are the same all over the world."

"The Emperor is blamed for everything," said she, "yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years. The wages of the laborers and the cultivators were high and work was plentiful."

"No," she replied. Then she continued: "I was forsaken by all the ministers. — Trochu, whom the Emperor had appointed, left me. Then I left me and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah," she added, with an inspired look, "it was my passion!"

She turned her tearful eyes to heaven and said: "Her passion!" Could anything be more

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification; "utterly abandoned. What could I do but fly? I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left."

"Were the details of your Majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?"

"Yes," said she, "tolerably so. For thirty days I was guarded by those men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuileries. My only happiness was, that I suffered alone. The Emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger."

Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches enter?"

"Everywhere, by all the doors and the windows. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. I saw them coming through the trees. They then broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. They came too, on the other side, from the Place du Carrousel; black masses of men, pressing closer and closer; they too, broke in everywhere. No one opposed them; the guards were gone. There were horrible cries, and screams and catha. From these thief-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their eyes, in the Belleville. I did not want to live or to be wearing it. I did not care; to blood or to die was the same to me. For the last three days there was no change; more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress

"I would not be murdered in my bed in my night-dress."

She made a little motion with her hands as she said this that I cannot describe. It told of the delicacy of the woman, and the lofty decorum of the sovereign, that carefully gathers her robes around her ermine dress.

"Madame," said I, "had you fallen by the hands of those wretches, you would have lived forever in history and in poetry. Every art would have been evoked to celebrate your memory. You would have united the beauty and fascination of Mary Queen of Scots to the virtuous fortitude of Marie Antoinette. It would have been a glorious immortality!"

"Yes," she said, melting into the sweetest, merriest smile, "yes, that is all very well, but I would like to enjoy yet a little life in life."

"God grant you may."

The Empress then glanced at a clock.

"You have come far to see me; you must return. Your train will be soon due; you must not lose it." How I wished that time had ceased to be—how I longed to go on listening to that musical voice which sounded like the voice of an angel, and looking into those protean eyes! She rose and she was again the Empress—and stood—she was so grandly calm, to receive my salutation and to bid me adieu. I saw in her face a most fascinating woman to the lofty sovereign. She did not even offer me her hand; she only bowed her head, and I retreated backwards into the hall, where the ladies in waiting received and conducted me to the door.

The impression left on my mind was that Marie Antoinette had been speaking to me, and that I had been speaking to her. I had escaped by a miracle from the Temple—Marie Antoinette younger and more won-

The man who committed an outrage upon and then murdered Mrs. Hamblin near Nashville, Tenn., on the 27th ult., was caught and committed to jail on the 21 instant.

M. E. Legout, a French engineer on note abroad, proposes to construct a rail road from Paris direct to Peking, China, and estimates the cost of tunnels necessary at the modest sum of 220,000,000 francs.

The Columbia, (S. C.) Board of Trade is something beyond the usual "animated fossil" association. It has directed an investigation of the city accounts, with a view to breaking up the "ring" in the council.











Reapportionment of Representatives.

One of the duties which will devolve upon the next session of Congress, will be the reapportionment of representatives on the basis afforded by the late census. The Chicago Times presents a tabular view, which we append, showing, in the first column, the number of representatives to each State under the present apportionment; in the second column, the number to each State if the tariff States be fixed at 275; in the third column, the gains of the several States upon the basis of 275 members; in the fourth column, the number to each State upon a total representation of 300, and in the last column, the gains upon the basis of 300 members. An asterisk (\*) prefixed to a number indicates a loss:

States.	Present No. of Representatives.	No. of 275.	No. of 300.	Gain or Loss.
Alabama	10	10	11	1
Arkansas	10	10	11	1
California	10	10	11	1
Colorado	10	10	11	1
Connecticut	10	10	11	1
Delaware	10	10	11	1
Florida	10	10	11	1
Georgia	10	10	11	1
Idaho	10	10	11	1
Illinois	10	10	11	1
Indiana	10	10	11	1
Iowa	10	10	11	1
Kansas	10	10	11	1
Kentucky	10	10	11	1
Louisiana	10	10	11	1
Maine	10	10	11	1
Maryland	10	10	11	1
Massachusetts	10	10	11	1
Michigan	10	10	11	1
Minnesota	10	10	11	1
Mississippi	10	10	11	1
Missouri	10	10	11	1
Montana	10	10	11	1
Nebraska	10	10	11	1
Nevada	10	10	11	1
New Hampshire	10	10	11	1
New Jersey	10	10	11	1
New Mexico	10	10	11	1
New York	10	10	11	1
North Carolina	10	10	11	1
North Dakota	10	10	11	1
Ohio	10	10	11	1
Oklahoma	10	10	11	1
Oregon	10	10	11	1
Rhode Island	10	10	11	1
South Carolina	10	10	11	1
South Dakota	10	10	11	1
Tennessee	10	10	11	1
Texas	10	10	11	1
Vermont	10	10	11	1
Virginia	10	10	11	1
Washington	10	10	11	1
West Virginia	10	10	11	1
Wisconsin	10	10	11	1
Wyoming	10	10	11	1
Total	300	300	300	0

The above classification brings clearly to view the relative representative strength not only of the Eastern and Southern States, but also of the States as formerly divided into free and slave. Under the present apportionment, the Eastern States, extending from Maine to Florida, inclusive, have 123 representatives, while the rest of the States, exclusive of the three far Western, have only 114. Under the new apportionment, the former will have 131 and the latter 133, on the basis of 275 total, while their relative strength will be as 142 to 152 on the basis of 300. On the basis of 275, the East will gain 8 and the interior 24—three times as many; while, on the basis of 300, the East will gain 19, and the interior 38—only twice as many. For this reason we may expect an Eastern movement to raise the number to 300.

This movement, the Times says, "the West should resist as a matter of justice to itself as well as on account of economy." The point as to economy is well taken and it might be urged that so large a body as three hundred is more ungovernable, and that there is in it less personal responsibility than if the number was limited to two hundred and seventy-five.

In the New England States, if the number is fixed at two hundred and seventy-five, there will be a loss of one in New Hampshire. If fixed at three hundred, there will be a gain of one in Massachusetts. So that there will be to New England an advantage of two in favor of having three hundred rather than two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of three in three hundred. In the next class of States, from Delaware to Florida inclusive, there will be a gain of six in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of eight in three hundred, and an advantage to them of two in having three hundred representatives. In the next class, from Alabama to Missouri inclusive, there will be a gain of nine in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of sixteen in three hundred, being an advantage of seven in favor of the three hundred. In the next class, from Ohio to Kansas inclusive, there will be a gain of fifteen in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of twenty-two in three hundred. In the three far Western States there will be a gain of one, whether the representation be fixed at 275 or 300.

Classify the States as in the foregoing table and the following tabular view will show the gains of the respective classes of States in a representation of 275, and of 300:

States.	Gain of 275.	Gain of 300.
New England	8	19
Middle Northern	10	24
Southeastern	10	24
Southwestern	10	24
Far Western	10	24
Total Gains	84	58

Deduct the loss of one in New Hampshire, if fixed at 275, and you have the net gain in 275 only thirty-three. Classify the States as tariff and anti-tariff, and placing the New England and Middle Northern in the tariff class, and all the

others as anti-tariff, we have the following:

Tariff net gain.	Anti-tariff net gain.
21	11
21	11

That is if the States be thus classed as tariff and anti-tariff, on a basis of 275 representation, the tariff States will make a net gain of two and the anti-tariff of thirty-one, or on the whole a net gain of twenty-nine for the anti-tariff States. If the basis be fixed at 300, the tariff States will gain eleven members and the anti-tariff forty-seven, or, on the whole, a net gain of thirty-six for the anti-tariff States.

The Editor of the JOURNAL is again compelled to acknowledge his indebtedness to his brother Editors for kindly notices of his paper. Especially is he under obligations, personally and professionally, to the Editor of the Tarboro' Southern for his courtly notice of the JOURNAL and its Editor. We trust that such kindnesses only serve to teach us our own shortcomings and to sensibly.

On the first day of November the eleventh volume of the daily JOURNAL of Commerce will begin. The name of every subscriber then in arrears will be stricken from our books, and no new name in the city or county will be entered on our list without advance payment. From this rule there will be no exception. What applies to this day is intended also for our weekly. If we had a large capital, which unfortunately we have not, we could send out in the present volume of the JOURNAL of Commerce—expiring on the 31st of the present month. We trust our friends will make a note of this and promptly renew in time.

Our old subscribers are coming forward most handsomely, sustaining us in our "new departure." We have thus far lost only two, while many new names have been added to our list.

There has already been an endorsement of our decrease in subscription price with the cash provision. Our club rates also seem to give great satisfaction, as well as the arrangement to send certain leading agricultural publications at more nominal rates in connection with the two editions of our paper. We have already introduced each of these publications to new readers, and in sections of the country in which they were strangers.

We are glad to join hands with the JOURNAL of Commerce in this work of newspaper reformation.

If there is any one thing of which the Radical administration seems to be more proud than of any other, says the Baltimore Gazette, it is the economical management of the finances of the country. The "gigantic" reduction of the public debt, and the "immense" reduction of taxation, are the continual subjects of self-laudation by all Radical office-holders, from Grant down to the humblest tide-water. If the people ever show signs of alarm that the Ku-Klux bills, military control of elections, &c., which are employed to pacify and conciliate the South, are subversive of the principles of free government, and may be turned against them should they ever chance to refuse to worship Grant in the beauty of Radicalism, they are forthwith soothed into quiescence by the assurance that the public debt has been reduced gigantically, and that taxation has diminished immensely. When the Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to own to defaultations by his subordinates, to the extent of \$20,000,000; when a paymaster steals half a million, or some other development is made of the peculiar mode of handling the people's money, which characterizes Radical officials, the awakened fears of the people are immediately calmed by a heavy dose of BUTTWEILL'S soothing syrup, in the shape of a fresh statement of the debt, showing an enormous reduction and a fresh exhibit of the taxation, showing its immense diminution. But it is on the eve of popular elections that the statements and exhibits make the people's head swim, with their array of figures and tabular calculations. Mr. BUTTWEILL excels all others in the ingenuity with which he endeavors to disseminate this deception. He quits his office and straightway takes the stump in any State where an election is at hand, and with the winning eloquence for which he is distinguished, calls upon his hearers to unite in grateful admiration of the matchless skill and admirable economy which the administration has exhibited in paying off \$151,000,000 of the public debt in a period during which nearly \$1,000,000,000 have been wrung from the pockets of the people, and in spending annually for the ordinary support of the government, independent of the interest of the debt, more than double what it cost during the administration of Mr. BUCHANAN.

In Cincinnati and Cleveland Mr. BUTTWEILL has quite recently made "magnificent efforts" concerning the finances. He is a master of figures. He can twist them in any direction to suit his purposes, and as the citizens of the Buckeye State have been of late asking rather prying questions about taxation and like matters, it became necessary to give them a more than ordinary wrench from the line of stubborn truth. He has paid off \$251,000,000 of the public debt in two years and a half. That is the great virtue which is to cover the multitude of sins. During that time he has received within a fraction of a thousand millions from the people in the shape of taxes imposed on every imaginable article which they eat, use or wear, and in face of the fact that the poor people pay 120 per cent. duty on salt, from 75 to 140 per cent. on woolen goods, from 65 to 80 per cent. on cotton goods, 45 per cent. on earthenware, and 45 per cent. on quinine, he invites his audience to clap their hands and shout at the felicitous benevolence of the Radicals in so "adjusting the duties" as to "relieve as far as possible the necessities of life."

Mr. BUTTWEILL, we know, does not like comparison by way of contrast. But at the risk of displeasing him we will give one,

which does not exactly illustrate the economy of the Radical government. During the sixty-eight years of our existence, politically—from 1792 to 1860—the American people paid into the United States Treasury, in taxes, \$1,792,876,338, out of which the debt of the Revolutionary war, the expenses of the war of 1812, of the Mexican and Florida wars, and the purchase money of Louisiana, Florida and California were paid, and in 1860, when the Radicals drove the corrupt and extravagant Democrats from office, the public debt was a little upward of \$77,000,000. We pass over the period of war from 1861 to 1865. But let us look at the six years from July, 1865, to July, 1871, a period of profound peace. During that period the people of the United States have paid in taxes \$2,686,413,978 (this is exclusive of loans), or fifty per cent. more than they paid during the sixty-eight years to which we have already alluded, and the debt is still \$2,300,000,000.

In Mr. BUTTWEILL'S next oration on the finances will he have the kindness to explain how these figures can be reconciled with his praiseworthy economy?

BEFORE he went on a Circuit, the infamous Jeffries used to say he was going to give the provinces "a lick with the rough side of his tongue." A similar spirit of malignity doubtless inspired the Plug Ugly Federal Judge Bond, when he started out on his recent "judicial" crusade, and he gratified it to the full, while little Tod Caldwell, the miserable abortion of an accidental Governor, egged him on in the work, and poor Brooks, who couldn't stand the pressure, discharged the legal jury, and the two sorry Sams, Carrow and Phillips, packed a partisan venire ready to order!

The WASHINGTON Chronicle, in announcing the additional convictions at Raleigh, says:

"We understand the Attorney General, hearing on yesterday that judgments were about to be rendered in the above convicted cases, telegraphed positive instructions to the District Attorney to insist on judgment in every case, and to postpone no case in which the parties were ready for trial. The Government is in this business, and it will be well for those citizens who are specially charged with duty in this respect to govern themselves accordingly."

And no one, who knows anything of the bad and malignant creature, whom the people of North Carolina have driven from the State, and who, to-day, stands indicted for perjury, will doubt that the dishonored ex-Governor, W. W. Holden, is at the bottom of the Attorney General's action.

The End of Mormonism.

For many years there has existed in the far West a community practically independent of any laws or government except their own. Isolated by immense distances from the other States and Territories, the General Government exercised but a nominal jurisdiction over this settlement. It grew up and increased in power and numbers very much like some of the original colonies; but a marked difference existed between it and all other settlements previously established in this country. It was a theocracy—not like the attempted theocracy of the Puritans of New England—but one of which a pretended prophet was both the high priest and the temporal ruler. This man's will, foisted upon ignorant followers as a direct revelation from Heaven, was the supreme law; and what distinguished, above all, the theocracy from all other modern civilized communities was the erection of polygamy into a dogma of faith and a religious practice. Notwithstanding the reprobation of the world this strange people prospered; they obtained large accessions of proselytes, chiefly from Europe. There more successful in maintaining peaceful relations with the Indians than other pioneers had ever been except, perhaps, the Quakers. They built large and well-policed cities, and they boasted of enjoying a greater freedom from lawlessness and the grosser forms of vice than was to be found in any other civilized country. Whether this claim was well founded is much more than doubtful; and in addition to the general demoralization that must have been produced by polygamy, there was occasional revelations of the dark and criminal means by which the self-styled saints maintained their supremacy over the common herd.

This state of things has continued with little interruption until now, for the expedition of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston led to no practical results; and even after a territorial governor and other federal officers were sent to Utah, they did not interfere with the existing condition of affairs. The Mormons, cut off by great deserts from the rest of the world, were allowed to manage their internal concerns without molestation. But this isolation, which was their safeguard, ceased upon the construction of the Pacific Railroad. The Gentile element, as they called it, which had previously been driven off or kept down by terror, began to flow in and to assume a new importance. At last the Federal Government has determined to put an end to the practice of polygamy, and Brigham Young has been indicted, under the territorial statute for immoral and licentious conduct. He can easily be convicted upon his own confession, for in a so-called sermon that he delivered last Summer before a large Boston excursion party and numerous other Gentiles, including a United States Deputy Marshal, he boasted of being the husband of sixteen wives. But this is not the darkest accusation that may be brought against him. Bill Hickman, a notorious member of the Danite band, has been arrested and has turned State's evidence, divulging many of the murders committed by order of the ruling Saints upon refractory Gentiles and Mormons. It is highly probable that his confessions will implicate Brigham Young. Whether the Mormons will quietly see their Prophet arrested, tried and condemned for murder remains to be seen. Some late advices represent Brigham Young as professing his readiness to submit to the law; but yesterday's dispatches state that on Thursday he addressed a meeting of eight thousand Mormons, urging them to supply themselves with ammunition, and invoking curses upon

the Federal officials. It is hardly possible that he will be mad enough to start a rebellion on his own account, and there seems to be too little of the religious element in Mormonism to induce its followers to seek martyrdom in its defence. Yet, history shows that fanaticism has often driven deluded men to sacrifice their lives for doctrines as absurd and repulsive as those of Mormonism. We do not believe it will be so in this case; but should Brigham Young and his people resist, the struggle will be very brief. Polygamy is doomed, and peaceably or not, will soon be numbered among the things that were.

CAMILLA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese (or Bologna sausage, when he could afford it), and he was as much respected as a fly, because he was unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Boho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absconding himself for a moment, except on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There was a great deal of mischief, he never went to school; but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half pennies when he had any, shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill temper of half the men and women in the street; and he rescued Pat Ryan from a night snore in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Nora and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any!"

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumfounded; and as he stood with his hand on his forehead, the child's face was so pale, and her hair so matted, and her dress so ragged, that he felt a sudden pang of sympathy. "Oh! I've got a home—a really jolly place! Come up and see."

And it is the way old Paul came to his first job, looking up at her with a kind of pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she whenever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, evaded the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in this world than the little waif, Camilla.

For many, many days, when he was alone, he would sit down on the old, black attic, and drew the large penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never forgetting how near death she had been on that bitter night of her meeting, always found a word to ward off hunger, and courage to keep them both bright and brave.

The winter of 1866 came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner that made his voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stairs he took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An excited girl, looking up at old Paul's frame, and quickened his blood to rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his white knuckle, and a close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

It was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried, like withered fruit, but in his vigorous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

child into the cold, as soon as the breath had left her body; but dear me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, and I shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging-house to a snug set of chambers a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes, and Sunday suit, earned from increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropic friend Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the morning room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, looking at her glowing hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out as if in mortal pain, and, with a word, flew down the street to her home. As she turned the corner she rushed pell mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said, "Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protegee was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me, well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-by, Camilla. Kiss me good-by."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare, had she been there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been discovered, picked piecemeal from a lowly street, and found in the main thoroughfare, and she was there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

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The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been discovered, picked piecemeal from a lowly street, and found in the main thoroughfare, and she was there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

get Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep!—Come, it is time to go home. Ah!"

She's backed back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold, and fell back stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love, he is beyond us now. These strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the commutation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unselfish life, had passed out into the new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of them. The music-loving removed their singing bird so daffily that few knew the cause of her flight, and now she sings only to him, and to her brood of young Claverings.

Marie Leroy, the Handsome Mayoresse of the Communists—Tried and Found Guilty.

Gallipoli furnishes a report of the trial of Marie Leroy, widow, who was called "the Handsome Mayoresse of the Communists." She was charged, first, with having, by cries and menaces, endeavored to excite an attempt to cause devastation and massacre in the city of Paris; second, of complicity in assisting Urban in his violence and robbery of a person named London; third, of complicity in the abstraction of the funds destined for instruction in the Seventh arrondissement (St. Germain).

The prisoner, who is a good-looking young woman, fair, with bright blue eyes, 21 years of age, was elegantly dressed. During the first siege of Paris she replaced the amusements of the theatres and balls, which had been closed by the excitement of politics. She attended the various clubs, and frequently addressed her audiences, who were fascinated by her beauty and her ready flow of language. At one of these, the Pre aux Cierres, Rue du Bac, she encountered Urban and speedily obtained an unbounded empire over him. Afterwards, when the Commune was instituted, she was delegated to administer the Seven.

She was a crisscrosser, the accomplice of her husband, the Marquis, where they took up their abode, and she appears to have usurped an unlimited authority, and to have been the soul of the insurrection in that quarter, and to have been the instigator of numerous robberies in which she generally accompanied